

ODD NEWS

New York.—Al J. Jennings, once notorious train bandit, will seek nomination as Democratic candidate for governor of Oklahoma.

Quincy, Ill.—James Tate, English journalist and traveler, dropped dead on street after securing license to marry Cora Smith. Excitement.

Morris Plains, N. J.—Burglars with the habit raided postoffice for twelfth time. Got few cents.

New York.—Whole town of Phillips Manor was traded for \$2,000,000 skyscraper in Fifth avenue.

New York.—Martha Hogan, 18, walked in sleep into Bronx drug store in nightgown.

Kansas City.—Strange craving for bits of stone which she chewed and swallowed caused death of Mrs. Grace Albino, 30.

MYSTERY IN DEATH OF THREE

Los Angeles, Jan. 7.—Mrs. Mary Cox, her daughter Florence, 12, and a man believed to be William Melton, real estate broker, found dead shortly after midnight in room in Hotel Vidamar, each body with a bullet in the temple.

The police believe the woman shot the girl and the man and then suicided, but the hotel attaches claim to have heard the girl cry: "He shot my mother," after one shot had been fired. Immediately there were two more shots in rapid succession.

The Ashland Clipper tells of a farmer who was driving along a country road and encountered one of his neighbors seated in a buggy with a stone in either hand. Occasionally the horse would turn his head and look at him, which seemed to be the signal for the stalled ruralite to heave another stone. "What is the matter?" inquired the new arrival. "I don't mind a horse balking so much," was the reply, "but I'll be darned if he is going to turn around and laugh at me."

Lord Ballyrot in Slangland



Having become somewhat accustomed to slang and vernacular in the speech of the natives of these blooming states, old chap, I engaged in conversation with a seedy individual from whom I had reason to expect a flow of such verbiage. The fellow told his story as follows:

"A consistent series of vicissitudes has been the fundamental basis of my forlorn and dilapidated condition. I am now concentrated on the task of renewing the boon of a weekly remuneration by investigating conditions which may have the edifying and blissful result of employment at a satisfactory stipend. At least, I trust such a denouement will be the fruit of my persistent and respectfully earnest applications."

My word!

In 1866, about 470,000 people paid the income tax, more, probably, than will be hit by the present law.